



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROScoe



SHENANIGAN

FEATURE

COMICS

I.C.C.

7



JULY
No. 124

The
DOLL MAN
finds *DEATH* comes in
a *BLACK BOX*!

10¢



PERKY



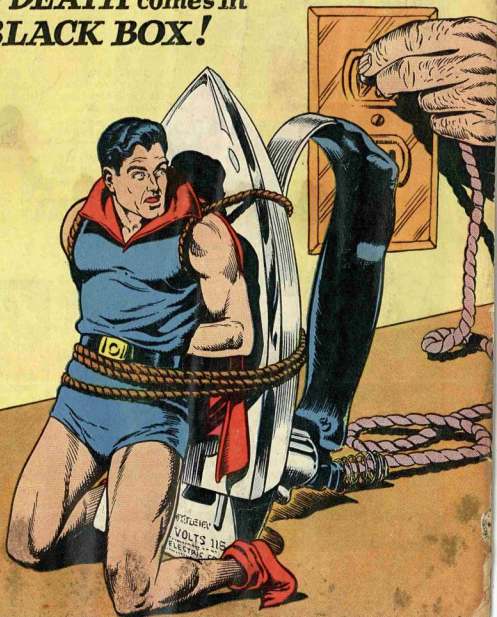
LALA PALOOZA



BLIMPY



RUSTY RYAN





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Famous BANNER

FIREWORKS!

ZIP! BOOM! BANG!
OH-Boy!

This year don't be satisfied with just buying fireworks. Get the best—Get the most for your money—don't be disappointed—Get BANNER FIREWORKS with those new startling creations. BANNER FIREWORKS have all the ZIP-BOOM-BANG you expect of fireworks.

**BUZZ BOMBS • STAR SHELLS
BLOCK BUSTERS • SIREN AERIAL BOMBS
ZIG ZAG WHISTLES • FLASHLIGHT CRACKERS**

and many others that will thrill and amaze you are just some of the newest creations that you get in this **BIG BARGAIN ASSORTMENT.**

**No. 1—SPECIAL \$11.25 DELUXE ASSORTMENT OF
MORE THAN 500 PIECES FOR ONLY \$4.95**

Other items in this giant assortment include Electric Cannon Salutes that will really rock you . . . Zig-Zag Musical Salutes, Black Snakes that amaze grown-ups as well as children . . . White Mule that really kicks, Silver and Gold Fountains, one of our most beautiful pieces—large size Black Humdingers (They're really a humdinger)—Whistling Devils whose devilish action will amaze you—3 Shot Automatic Repeating Bombs—

2 Shot repeating Aerial Flash Bombs—Cone Fire of Red, White and Blue display—Large Triangle Wheels—Sky Rockets that end in a majestic display of Red, White and Blue Stars—Zebra Flash Crackers, the loud kind—Flashlight Crackers—10 Ball Roman Candles—Comet Star Shells, the most beautiful night display ever offered and Sparklers for the little tots. Remember, you get over 500 pieces in all with a retail value of \$11.25 for only \$4.95.

No. 2—GIANT \$11.25 CRACKER ASSORTMENT—ONLY \$4.95

This assortment will give you plenty of noise and action. Selected and especially made up for boys who want to get a kick out of every last piece. You'll get those extra loud Electric Cannon Salutes—2 and 3 Shot Repeating

**EVERY PIECE
A REAL
NOISE-MAKER**

Aerial Bombs—Block Busters—Red Devils—Flash Salutes—Zig-Zag Musical Salutes—Flashlight Crackers—Star Shells—Black Humdingers and many others. More than 500 pieces—all for only \$4.95.

No. 3—BIG COLORFUL FAMILY LAWN DISPLAY—

**THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
NIGHT DISPLAY OFFERED
ONLY \$4.95**

This is a special package made up for those who want a colorful display with a minimum of noise. You will OH! and AH! as you watch these creations burst into a display of sheer beauty that is unsurpassed in fireworks history. Musical Vesuvius Flitter Fountains—Comet Star Shells—Flower Pots with Handles—Large Floral Shells—Triangle Spinning Wheels—Red-White-Blue Patriotic Colored Fire and Roman Candles are only some of the unusual pieces in this large assortment.

**QUICK ACTION COUNTS—ORDER NOW
WHILE STOCKS ARE COMPLETE**

This year we have greater facilities for serving you. There will be plenty for those who act quick. But orders are coming in fast and we do not want to disappoint anyone. So rush your order today—NOW.

CASH WITH ORDER—NO C. O. D's.

Send payment in full with order—Certified Check—Bank Draft or Money Order. If you send currency be sure to register letter. All shipments sent by Express F.O.B. Toledo. Give nearest express office if different from your town.

BIG NEW CATALOG—FREE

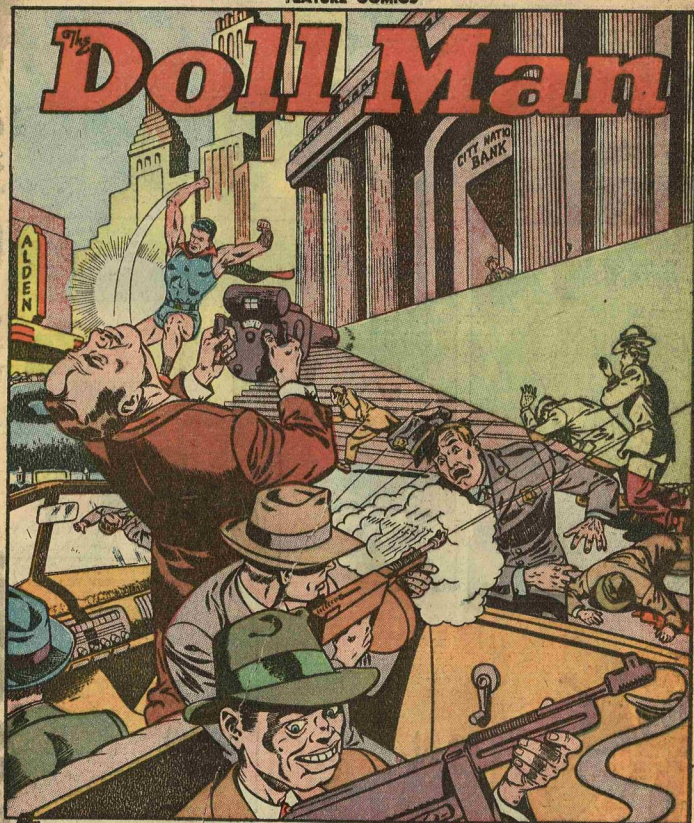
**Quick Action ORDER!
Blank!**

BANNER FIREWORKS MFG. CO., Inc. Dept. 748
446 West Capistrano TOLEDO 12, OHIO

Enclosed find . . . \$ for which ship me . . .
Big Combination offers as checked below.
() No. 1 Big Deluxe Assortment . . . \$4.95
() No. 2 Giant Cracker Assortment . . . \$4.95
() No. 3 Family Lawn Display . . . \$4.95
Name . . .
Street . . .
City . . . State . . .
Express office if different from above . . .

BANNER FIREWORKS MFG. CO., INC. Dept. 748 446 CAPISTRANO TOLEDO 12, OHIO

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Johnny O'Gorman was a typical ex-G.I. and the souvenirs he collected from overseas were just as typical! There were a few guns, bayonets and rusty helmets! The **ONE EXCEPTION** was a sinister-looking black box which Johnny had found in a bombed-out factory in Germany! This was the souvenir which suddenly swept Johnny and a lot of other innocent people into a vortex of crime which didn't cease until the incomparable **DOLL MAN** took matters into his own hands when he discovered that **DEATH CAME IN A BLACK BOX!**

FEATURE COMICS



IT'S NO USE, JOHNNY! WE CAN'T GET MARRIED ON THE SALARY YOU'RE GETTING NOW!

THAT'S JUST IT, HONEY! I HAVE A WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY OF BUYING INTO AN UP-AND-COMING BUSINESS IF I CAN RAISE TWO THOUSAND BUCKS!

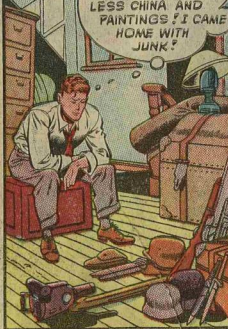
IF ONLY... BUT WHERE WILL YOU GET THE MONEY?

HELEN--I'M GOING TO HOCK EVERYTHING I'VE GOT!



Later...

JUNK! ALL JUNK! SOME GUYS CAME HOME WITH JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, PRICELESS CHINA AND PAINTINGS! I CAME HOME WITH JUNK!



HMM, NOW WHY DID I EVER PICK THIS THING UP? I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT IS! WELL, IT MIGHT BRING ME A FEW BUCKS!



LISTEN, JOHNNY! SOMEDAY YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU'RE SELLING THIS STUFF! IT COST YOU PLENTY OF BLOOD AND SUFFERING! SO, INSTEAD OF BUYING IT FROM YOU, I'LL DO SOMETHING BETTER!

JOHNNY, MY BOY! I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU, BUT WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MY SHOP?

HI, MR. SIEGEL! I'M TRYING TO RAISE SOME MONEY, SO I BROUGHT A FEW WAR TROPHIES ALONG!



JOHNNY, I'VE KNOWN YOU SINCE YOU WERE A LITTLE BOY, AND I CAN SPEAK TO YOU LIKE A FATHER! ARE YOU IN TROUBLE?

NOT REALLY, MR. SIEGEL! I'M TRYING TO RAISE ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY A SHARE IN A SWELL BUSINESS! HELEN AND I ARE GOING TO GET MARRIED IF WE CAN SCRAPE TOGETHER THE TWO THOUSAND BUCKS I NEED!



B-BUT...



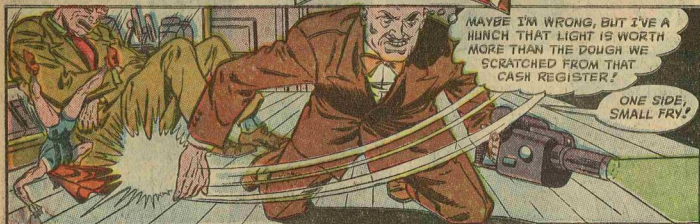
FEATURE COMICS



Compressing the molecules of his body with a super-human effort, Darrel Dane transforms himself into the mighty DOLL MAN!

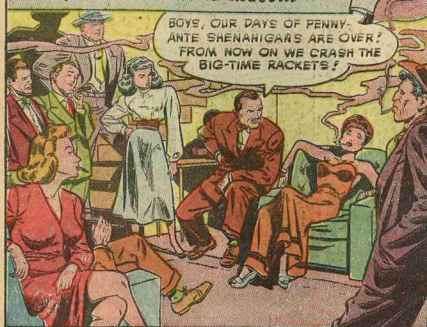


FEATURE COMICS

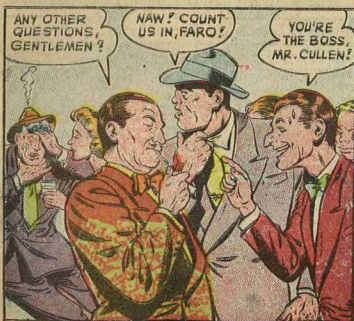


FEATURE COMICS

Later, in an underworld hideout...



I JUST GRABBED A LITTLE GADGET THAT'S GOING TO SWING THE BIGGEST DEALS IN THE COUNTRY --- AND MAYBE THE WORLD!

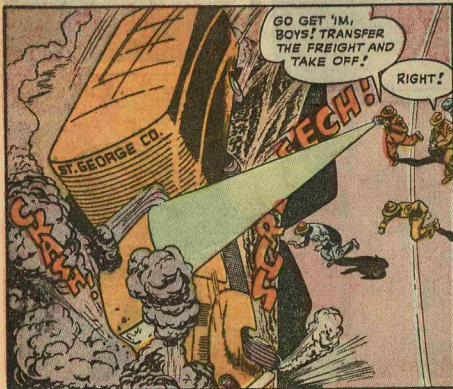
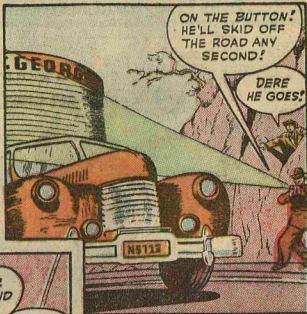


FEATURE COMICS

Suddenly, a major crime wave strikes the nation...

ALL SET, MEN?
SHE'S DUE THROUGH
HERE ANY MINUTE
NOW!

I THINK I HEAR HER
ROLLING UP NOW.
CHIEF!



And another truck suffers a similar fate....

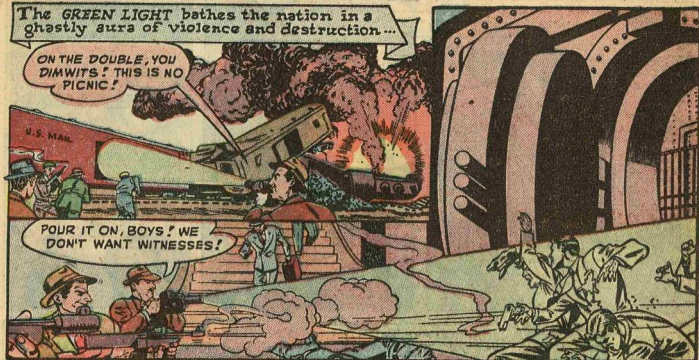


FEATURE COMICS

The GREEN LIGHT bathes the nation in a ghastly aura of violence and destruction...

ON THE DOUBLE, YOU DIMWITS! THIS IS NO PICNIC!

POUR IT ON, BOYS! WE DON'T WANT WITNESSES!



EXTRA Daily Bulletin EXTRA
POLICE UNABLE TO COPE WITH
SPREADING CRIME WAVE

NATIONAL GUARD
MOBILIZES IN SIX STATES

WORLD CHRONICLE
LOSSES IN MILLIONS AS
CRIME WAVE MOUNTS

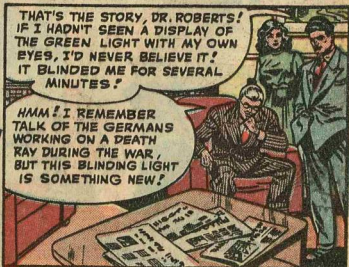
★ EVENING NEWS ★

NATION'S SCIENTISTS SEEK ANSWER
TO GREEN LIGHT MENACE

PRESIDENT
CIVIC SAFETY COMMISSION
SOCIETY OF
PHYSICISTS
CHEMISTS
IN BRILLIANT
ART SILENT

THAT'S THE STORY, DR. ROBERTS!
IF I HADN'T SEEN A DISPLAY OF
THE GREEN LIGHT WITH MY OWN
EYES, I'D NEVER BELIEVE IT!
IT BLINDED ME FOR SEVERAL
MINUTES!

HMM! I REMEMBER
TALK OF THE GERMANS
WORKING ON A DEATH
RAY DURING THE WAR,
BUT THIS BLINDING LIGHT
IS SOMETHING NEW!



A POSSIBLE SCIENTIFIC
EXPLANATION WOULD BE THAT
THE LIGHT ABSORBS
EVERY COLOR OF THE
SPECTRUM BUT GREEN
FROM THE EYE!

OUR ONLY
HOPE OF
FINDING AN
ANSWER LIES
WITH THIS KID
JOHNNY O'GORMAN,
WHO FIRST FOUND
THAT BOX! LET'S
GO HUNT HIM UP,
MARTHA!

ACCORDING TO
THE PAWNSHOP
PROPRIETOR,
THIS O'GORMAN
BOY WAS ABOUT
TO GET MARRIED
AND NEEDED
MONEY TO GET
STARTED IN
SOME BUSINESS!

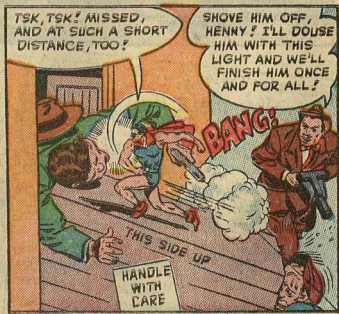
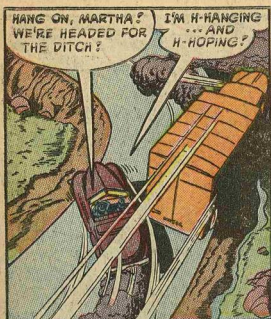
YOUR IDEA
OF CHECKING
WITH HIS FIAN-
CEE IS A
GOOD ONE!
SHE MIGHT
TELL US
WHERE
TO FIND HIM!

DARREL, LOOK! THAT
TRUCK IS SMOTHERED
IN A WEIRD GREEN
LIGHT!

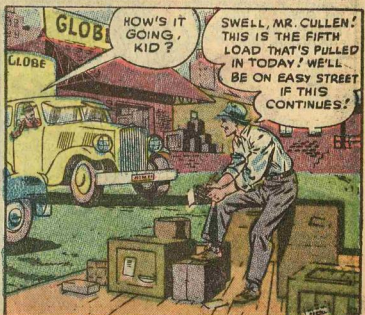
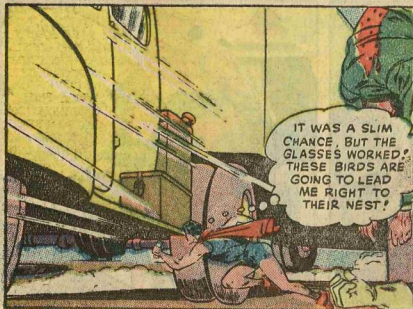
RIGHT! THE
DRIVER WILL
BE BLINDED!
HE'S GOING
TO CRASH!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



OH-OH? THIS INVOICE MUST HAVE SLIPPED FROM ONE OF THE PACKING CASES! IT'S GOING TO BAWL UP THE RECORDS IF I DON'T REPLACE IT!



HEY, WH--- SOMETHING'S PLENTY WRONG HERE! THIS STUFF WASN'T CON-SIGNED TO US! MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! I BETTER SEE CULLEN!



SAY, MR. CULLEN? WH---? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

BUSINESS AS USUAL, JOHNNY. TOO BAD YOU WALKED IN WITHOUT KNOCKING! YOUR TERM AS STOUGE AND RESPECTABLE FRONT FOR OUR ORGANIZATION IS OVER, JOHNNY!

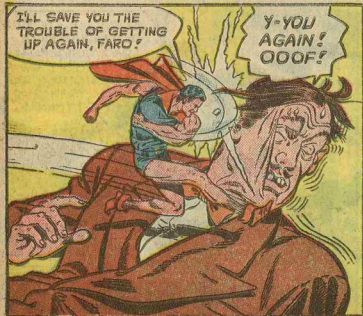


STOUGE, EH? TRY SOME OF THIS CALLOUS KNUCKLE ON YOUR JAW, WISE GUY! I GO TO IT DIGGING FOX HOLES IN FRANCE!

BLAST HIM! UGH!



THE DUMB CLUCK? WE WOULD HAVE HAD TO RUB HIM OUT ANY-WAY! THE ORGANIZATION WAS GETTING TOO BIG FOR A RUBE LIKE HIM!



I'LL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF GETTING UP AGAIN, FARO!

Y-YOU AGAIN! OOOF!



TAKE IT EASY, JOHNNY! LEAVE JUST ENOUGH FACE FOR THE COPS TO IDENTIFY!

MUST I? THESE GUYS SWINDLED TWO THOU-SAND BUCKS OUT OF ME AND I AIM TO COLLECT A LITTLE INTEREST!

FEATURE COMICS



BIG TOP

DOGGONE! I JUST GOT A TIP WE'RE GONNA BE INSPECTED BY SOME LADIES FROM THE ANIMAL WELFARE LEAGUE!

WHAT'S THE WORRY, BOSS? WE'RE KIND TO THE ANIMALS!

BUT THEY'RE SO VERY FUSSY ABOUT THE SMALLEST THINGS!

WELL, JUST TO PLAY SAFE, BOSS...

BZZZ--BZZZ-- HOW'S THAT FOR AN IDEA?

GOOD! WE'LL SHOW 'EM HOW KIND THIS CIRCUS REALLY CAN BE TO ANIMALS! WE'LL GO WHOLE HOG ON THE MATTER!

LATER... HMMPH! AND WE'VE GOT A PARTICULARLY POOR REPORT ON HOW YOU TREAT YOUR APES!

INDEED? THIS WAY, LADIES!

DOES THAT LOOK LIKE CRUELTY?

MY GOODNESS!

WHAT A KIND OLD GENTLEMAN!

CHEER UP, OLD CHAP... I'LL KEEP YOU COMPANY IN HERE FOR A WEEK IF NECESSARY!

AH, THERE GO THE OLD BUZZARDS! NOW I CAN GET OUTTA HERE AND ACT NATURAL!

HEY, BUTCH! OPEN UP!

Hours later...

IF I STOP FANNING THIS BUM, HE POKES ME ON THE NOSE!

WHICH IS ANOTHER REASON WHY I SHOULD GET A RAISE FOR LETTING YOU OUT, BOSS!



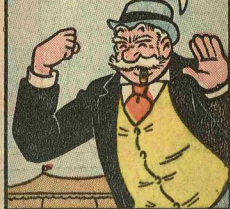
BIG TOP

FOR THE FIFTH STRAIGHT TIME, BOSS!



MARVELOUS! AT LAST YOU TWO CLOWNS HAVE GOT AN ACT THAT WORKS!

I DON'T KNOW HOW IN HECK YOU DO IT, BUT I'M GIVING BOTH YOU SHARPSHOOTERS A FAT RAISE RIGHT NOW!



WHAT A BULL'S-EYE! WHAT SHOOTING!



AND BY THE WAY, WHAT AN APPLE... LOOKS A BIT TEMPTING!



KRUNCH!

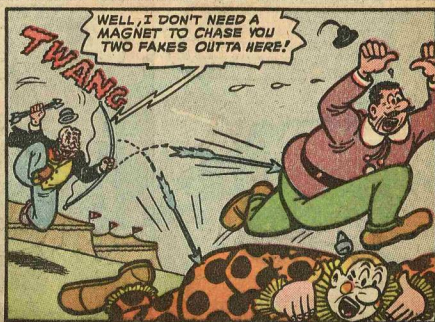


OW!



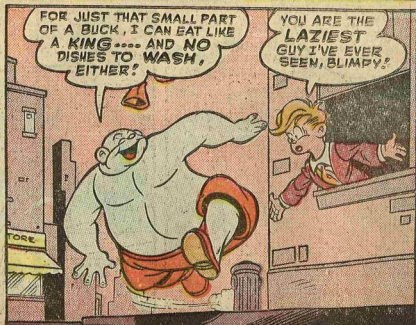
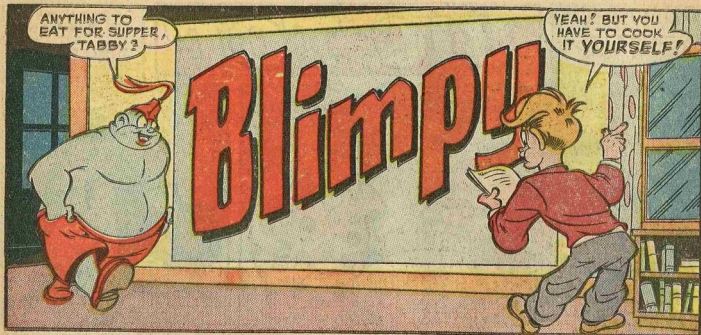
WHAT THE...? THERE GO MY LAST FOUR TEETH!

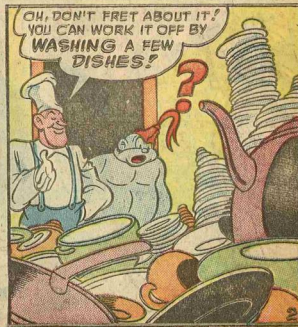
A NEW SUPER-MAGNET, BOSS-- ATTRACTS STEEL-TIPPED ARRERS, Y'SEE!



WELL, I DON'T NEED A MAGNET TO CHASE YOU TWO FAKES OUTTA HERE!

TWANG

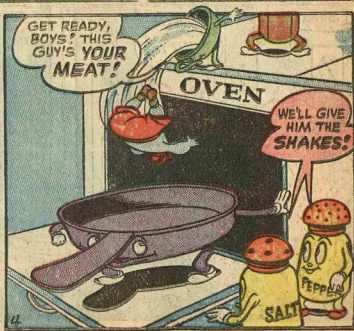
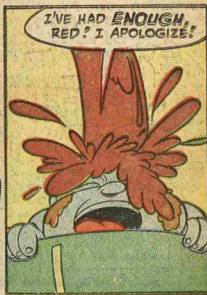




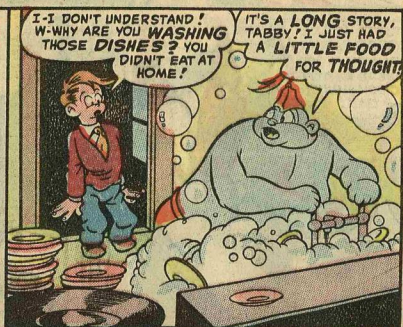
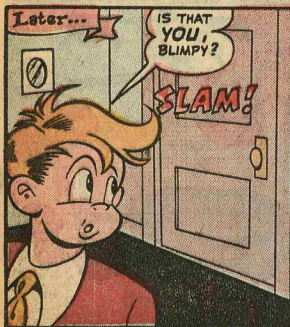
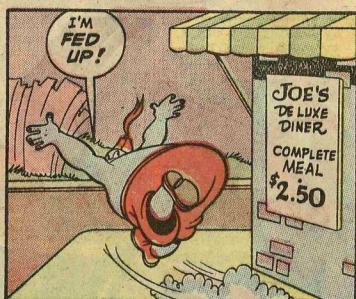
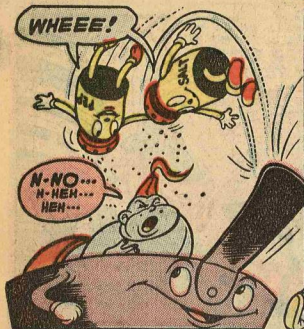
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



SWING

SISSON

As suave a swindler as ever ruled a restaurant... that was Maurice Racque, headwaiter extraordinary. He brought ruin and death to the patrons of the Clover Club... until SWING SISSON'S ready fists and readier wits brought him and his confederates to justice!



WOW! THAT'S THE THIRD CUSTOMER I'VE SEEN GIVE MAURICE A C-NOTE! BUSINESS MUST BE GOOD!

HE CERTAINLY HAS A KNACK FOR BRINGING IN CUSTOMERS, SWING! THERE ARE DOZENS OF BIG-SHOT PATRONS HERE TONIGHT!

HERE IS THE MONEY, MAURICE! LET US CALL IT A TIP FOR YOUR... SERVICES!

THANK YOU, MADAME! EET EES VERY GENEROUS!

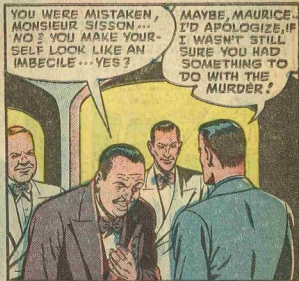
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, SWING? THAT NEW HEAD-WAITER MUST HAVE COLLECTED A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN TIPS FROM THE CUSTOMERS!

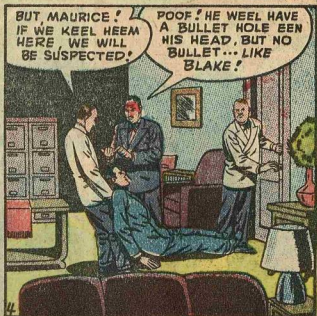
YES... MAURICE SEEMS TO HAVE A SPECIAL GENIUS! I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT!

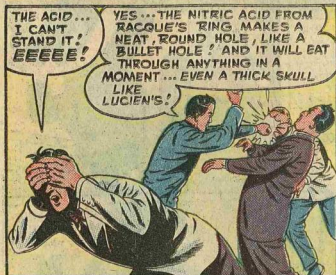




FEATURE COMICS







GO
AHEAD,
LALA...
TRY AND
LIFT ME!

LALA PALOOZA

ABOUT
200
BUCKS
IN TEN
MINUTES!

FOR SOME REASON
I CAN'T... WHY
IS THAT?

A GREAT TRICK I
LEARNED! BY
PRESSING MY ARMS
TIGHT AGAINST YOUR
GRIP I GET A
LEVERAGE WHICH
MAKES IT
IMPOSSIBLE
FOR YOU TO
BUDGE ME!

HMM!

AND WHAT DO YOU
EXPECT TO GAIN
BY THIS GREAT
KNOWLEDGE?

THERE'S A RICH
PLAYBOY IN THAT
BIG HOUSE WHO'LL
BET ON
ANYTHING!

AND YOU'LL BET
ME \$200 NO
ONE HERE CAN
LIFT YOU OFF
YOUR FEET?

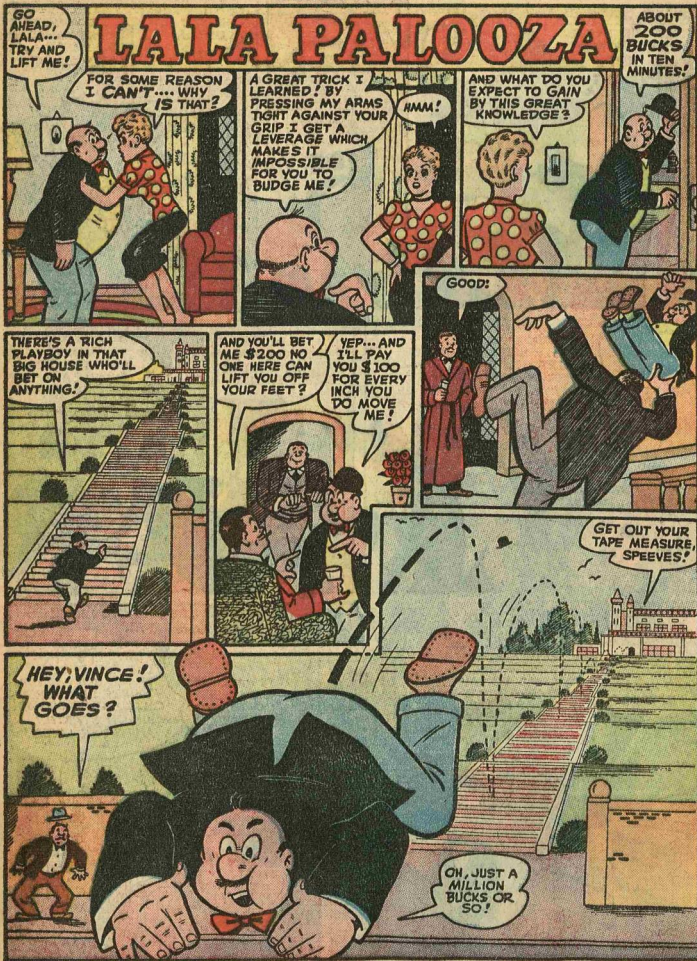
YEP... AND
I'LL PAY
YOU \$100
FOR EVERY
INCH YOU
DO MOVE
ME!

GOOD!

GET OUT YOUR
TAPE MEASURE,
SPEEVES!

HEY, VINCE!
WHAT
GOES?

OH, JUST A
MILLION
BUCKS OR
SO!



LALA PALOOZA

BUT I'VE
TRIED AND
TRIED TO
GET THE
RIGHT KIND
OF MAID,
VINCENT!

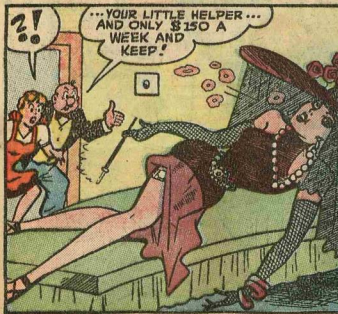
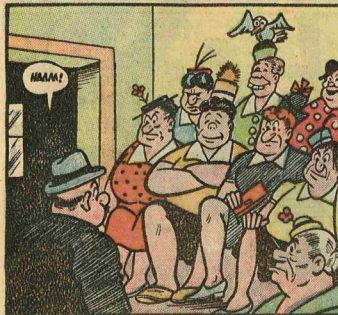
LET ME TRY,
LALA... I CAN'T
BEAR YOU WORKING
SO HARD AROUND
HERE... HONEST!

IT SEEMS TOO
GOOD TO BE
TRUE... YOUR
THINKING OF
ME THIS
WAY!

THE LEAST
I CAN DO
IS GET YOU A
HARD-WORKING
PRACTICAL
HELPER AROUND
THIS HOUSE!

EMPLOYMENT
AGENCY

DOMESTIC
HELP
AVAILABLE
•
MAIDS
HOUSEKEEPERS
COOKS
CHAMBERMANS
CHAWOMEN

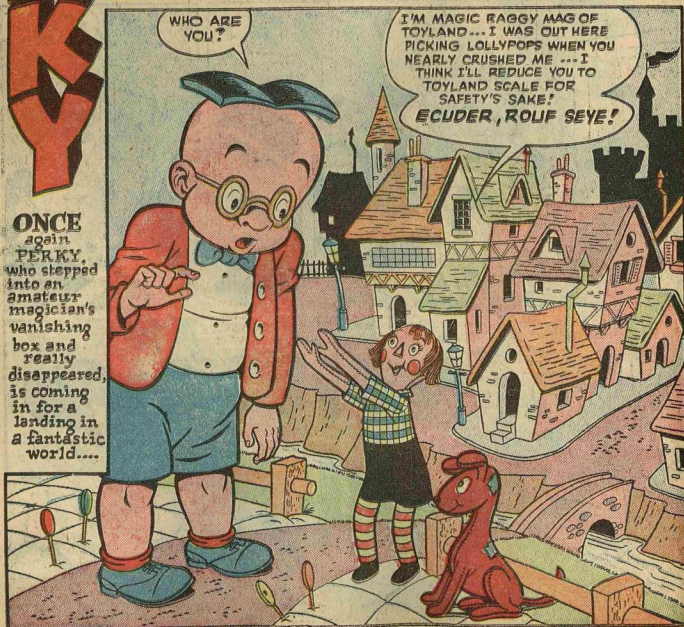


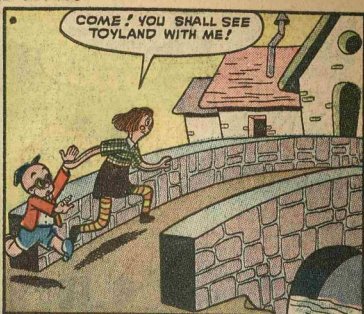
...YOUR LITTLE HELPER...
AND ONLY \$150 A
WEEK AND
KEEP!

OH, WELL,
IT WAS
WORTH A
TRY
ANYWAY!

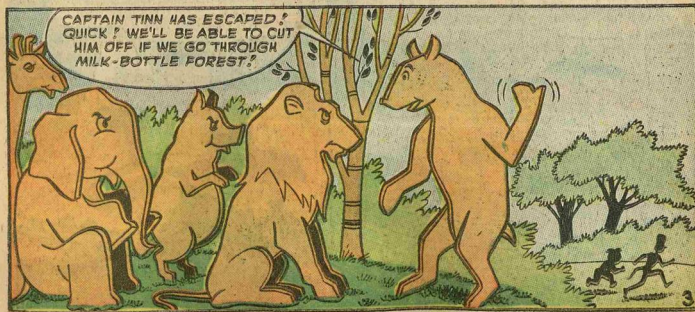
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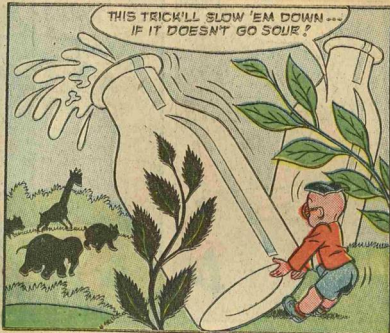
ONCE
again
PERKY
who stepped
into an
amateur
magician's
vanishing
box and
really
disappeared,
is coming
in for a
landing in
a fantastic
world....





FEATURE COMICS

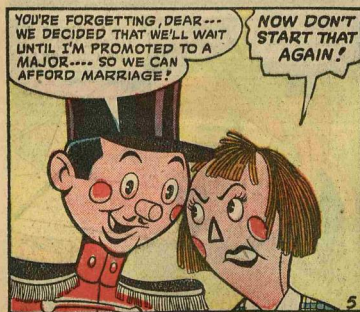
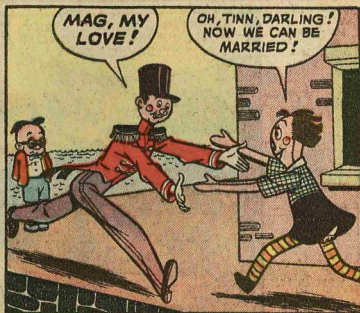
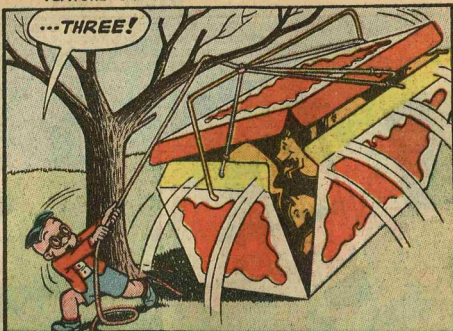




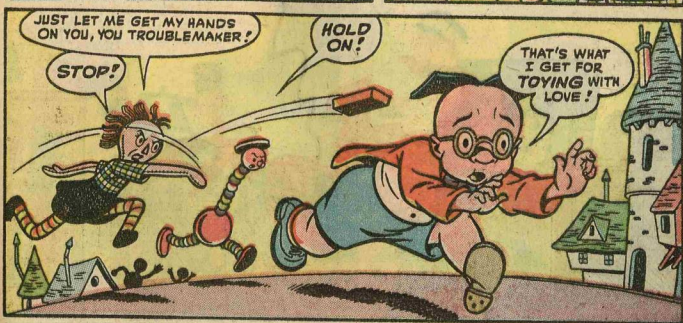
THE milk softens the dough of a few animals, but the majority escape....



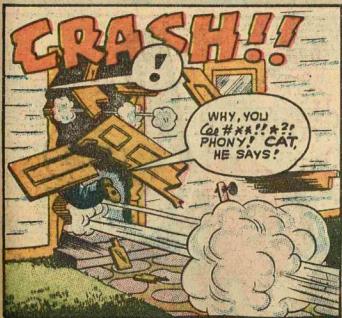
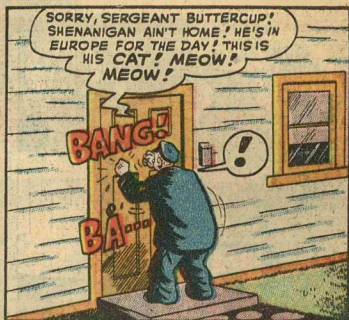
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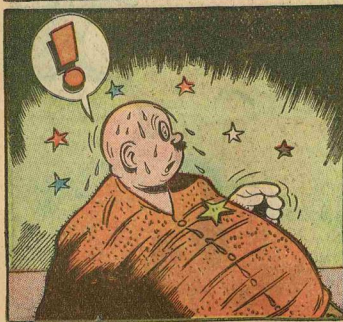


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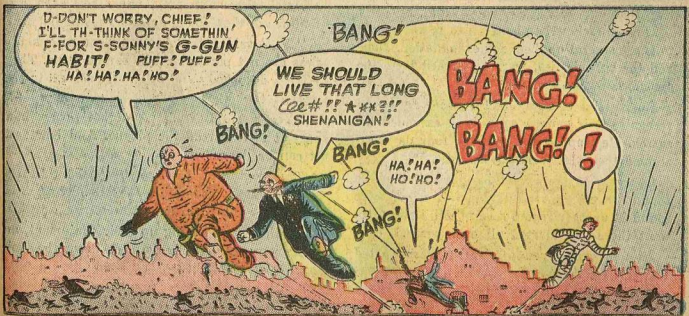
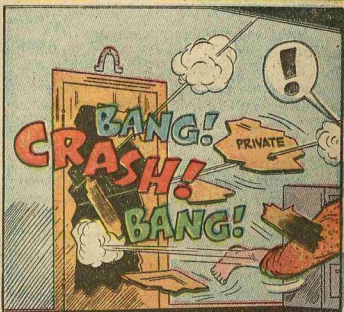








One hour later... headquarters....



THE FALCON *and* THE FLEA

IT wasn't the newspaper story about a boy dying in California from bubonic plague that took Darrel Dane west. It was the warning sent out to all hunters in that state by the Forest Service:

"Don't touch any ground squirrels in San Luis Obispo County. They are infected with bubonic plague!"

The plague! The pestilence! The Black Death! Down through the ages it had been humanity's most merciless killer, sweeping entire nations of their population in the Middle Ages.

Now it had struck again—in America!

Ground squirrels were the carriers. Darrel did a bit of studying on bubonic, looking for a new serum, and found that there had been deaths from the disease in America before, in 1907, at San Francisco.

Alarmists were busy at work scaring everybody, warning of another epidemic of the plague. No one seemed to pay any attention to modern sanitation, fumigation and rodent control, something the oldsters had lacked.

The country was frightened. The plague!

Darrel set up a makeshift laboratory in an abandoned hunter's shack. It wasn't the best thing that San Luis Obispo County afforded, but it was in the midst of the ground squirrel country.

The squirrels were plentiful, so it was simple to snare several of them for examination. None had the bubonic flea. Darrel searched them the second time. Same result.

He marked each squirrel so that he would recognize it if caught again, and extended his search. He trapped squirrels for four days, examined them, let them go. No fleas.

Checking on the Forest Service warnings, he found that the squirrels they had examined were found in another region several miles away. He went there and started all over again.

As a promising young scientist, Darrel hated to admit failure; but he knew that Dr. Roberts was one of the top ranking biologists in the country. Why not invite Dr. Roberts out? Dar-

rel felt a tinge of anticipation. Yes, and Martha, Dr. Roberts' daughter. It was Martha that decided Darrel. So he sent the wire.

Martha and Dr. Roberts arrived two days later, having caught the first plane from New York. Darrel had pitched a tent for himself, turning the cabin over to the two.

"Darrel!" cried Martha, leaping out of the hired car and running to the young scientist, "you look like Dan'l Boone with that beard!" Darrel had one, all right.

Dr. Roberts shook hands. "Well, lad, what's going on here?"

"Practically nothing," replied Darrel ruefully. "Haven't found a single infected beast."

"Patience, patience," said Dr. Roberts softly. "Progress isn't a matter of minutes."

Darrel related his tests of the last few days. "We must try elsewhere, and test other animals besides squirrels," said Dr. Roberts. "If squirrels harbor the fleas, perhaps rabbits do, or field mice."

Darrel nodded. "A good idea, doctor."

The next day, in a distant section, they were fortunate in finding a squirrel with several of the deadly fleas in its fur. They killed the squirrel and placed it on the ground. Then, trapping a large field mouse, they tied it near the dead squirrel. When, an hour later they examined the mouse, they found several fleas in its fur.

"Ah," said Dr. Roberts. "That proves the fleas are not particular who carries them. They leave a dead body and attach themselves to the nearest thing with a warm body."

"Yes," said Darrel. "And that proves how easy it is to spread the plague. And how fast it can be done."

They continued their searches, finding several more squirrels and even a rabbit with the fleas. Then they moved to a new area.

As they were setting up their equipment, an old prospector on a burro rode down the trail nearby. He didn't look at them. But Darrel called a greeting. The old man looked up, startled. His face was a mat of black beard. He an-

FEATURE COMICS

answered curtly in a thick, foreign tongue. Then he kicked his burro and was gone.

"Loquacious old duck," muttered Dr. Roberts.

"Yeah," said Darrel. "His saddlebags were full. Wonder if it was gold."

They got busy and spent the next two days testing rodents for plague fleas. They found none. But on the third day Darrel came upon a sight that gave him a start. A large falcon dived down, struck a rabbit, mauled it a minute, then was gone. Darrel tried to follow its course but the trees cut off his view.

"Now I wonder whose bird that was!" he said to himself. "Falcons are rare creatures. Someone must own him."

He waited in the brush hoping to see the owner come into view, but no one came. He heard a crashing in the bushes not far away, but decided the noise had been produced by a deer.

They caught sight of the old prospector again later that day. He was stuffing something into one of his saddlebags, but he was too far away for them to see much.

"Probably been eating his lunch," said Dr. Roberts.

"Maybe." Darrel had an idea buzzing in his head but said nothing about it. He watched the old desert rat move away through the trees. Could it be? he wondered. He would bring his field glasses the next day. If what he thought was true. . . .

About noon the next day as Dr. Roberts and Darrel Dane were eating their lunch, this time prepared by Martha, who had insisted upon coming along, a big bird raced overhead with a whistling of wings.

All three looked up. Darrel said, "It's that falcon! Wait here, I'm going to see what's up." He raced away through the brush.

"Now, what's Darrel going to do?" Martha asked.

"I don't know," replied her father. "He's got some idea about that falcon, I guess. I never heard of falcons flying wild in this country."

"Maybe someone is a falconer," said Martha matter-of-factly. "Why not? Archery is an ancient sport, revived today."

Dr. Roberts nodded. "It isn't that. We'd like to know who owns this falcon."

Darrel chased through the bushes, ripping

his clothes on thorns, stumbling over roots. But at last he came to a small clearing where the falcon was mauling a rabbit viciously. The bird didn't hear him.

"I'll do it," said Darrel quietly. "Yes, that way I'll know."

Then a strange thing happened. Darrel, it must be remembered, is no ordinary mortal. By a powerful force of will he is able to concentrate the molecules of his body and reduce in size to a tiny stature.

In a moment, then a fourteen-inch-tall mice was racing across the clearing. The Doll Man!

With a leap the Doll Man sailed to the falcon's back, grasping it about the neck. The bird fought to free itself but the Doll Man clung tenaciously. In a moment the big bird took off. It rose high above the trees, circled once, and then dived in a slant toward a distant part of the wood. It sailed down and landed on a bare rock near the old prospector and his burro.

"Ah," said the prospector. "You did a quick job, my pet! Here." He tossed a bit of raw meat to the falcon.

The Doll Man had managed to slide off the bird's back and hide himself in a bush before the old prospector saw him. Now the tiny man watched.

The bearded chap took a small vial from one of the saddlebags and, pulling on rubber gloves, came to the falcon. Lifting the bird's feathers, he powdered the contents of the vial into the back and upper wings.

"Now, my pet," he said, "you're ready for another flea hop!"

The Doll Man had seen enough. It was as he had suspected. With a bound, he hit the earth with both feet and before the prospector knew what had happened he struck him a mighty blow on the chin. The prospector tumbled backward and sprawled, motionless.

The Doll Man became Darrel Dane then, and made a quick examination of the man's saddlebags. They contained vials of bugs—bubonic plague fleas!

In falling, the old prospector loosened his false beard. Darrel jerked it away, and gasped. "Why, it's my old enemy, Black Bart! Spreading plague fleas for some enemy of mankind! This'll be Bart's end, all right!"

RUSTY RYAN



DOES WE
ALL HAVE
TO JUMP,
ALABABA?
THEY'S
SHARKS
DOWN
THAR!

THEY'RE
NOTHING,
PIERPONT,
COMPARED
WITH THE SHARK
UP HERE!

Rusty Ryan
and his pals,
Alababa and
Pierpont Lee,
find adventure
on the Island
of DEATH and
face the treschery
of a tyrant
called
SHARK!



MAN, OH MAN! AH
SHO' DOES LAK THIS
KIND O' TREATMENT!

ALL
THIS
FOOD,
FREE!

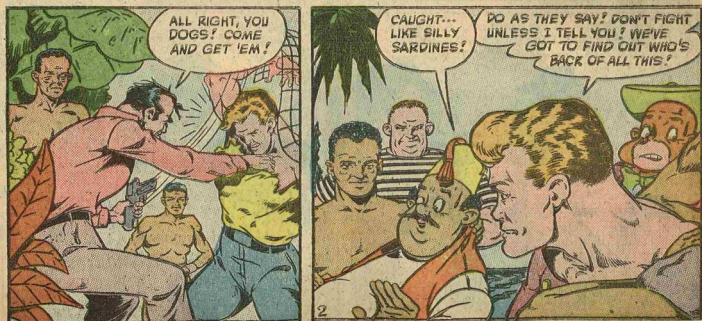
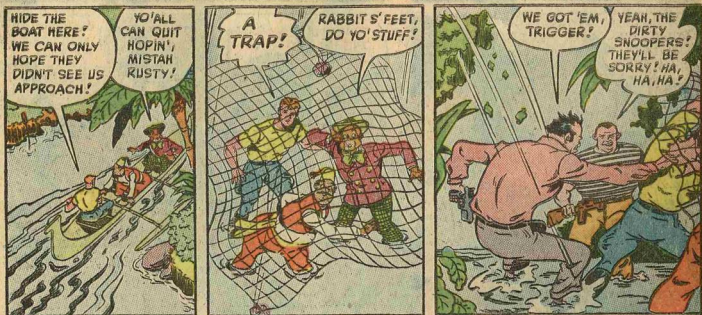
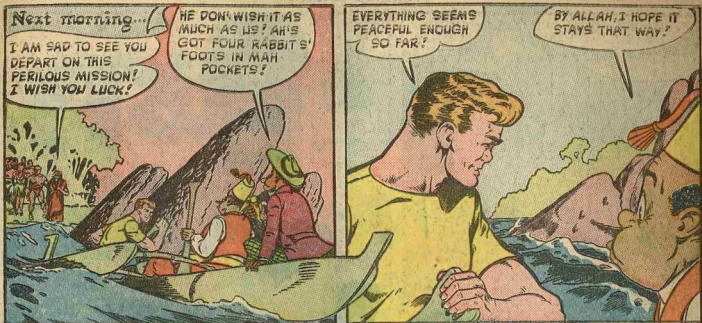


IS THAT THE
ISLAND YOU
SPEAK OF,
KALOA?

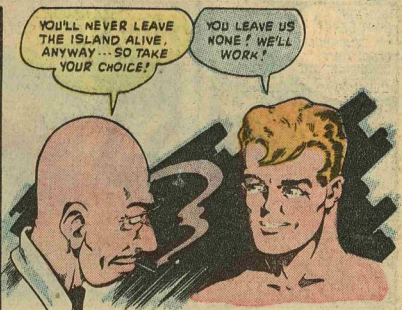
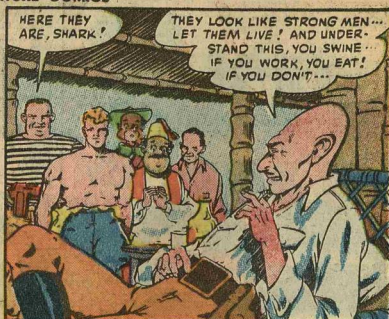
YES, RUSTY! MANY SHIPS HAVE
BEEN WRECKED ON ITS REEFS
AND THEIR CREWS NEVER HEARD
FROM AGAIN!



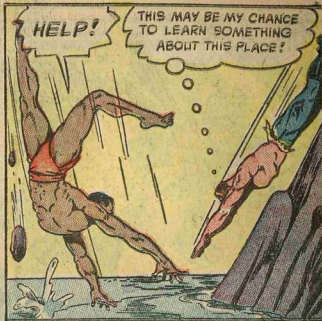
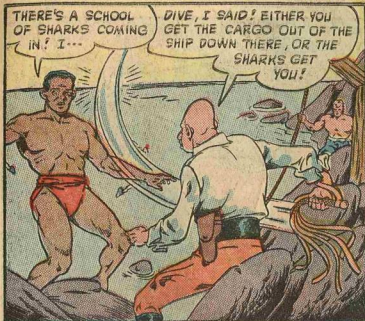
NO ONE WHO HAS GONE THERE
HAS EVER RETURNED, INCLUDING
MANY OF MY PEOPLE! WE CALL
IT THE ISLAND OF
DEATH!



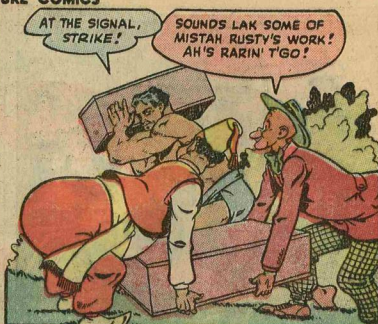
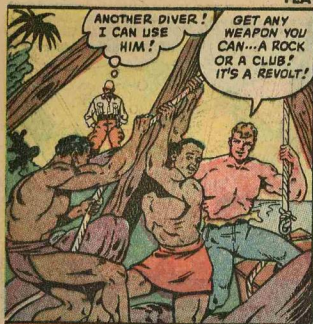
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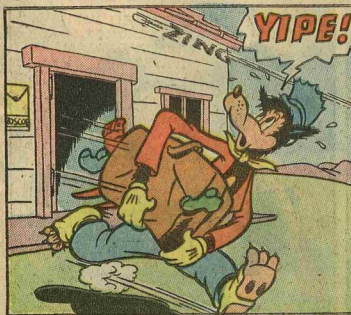




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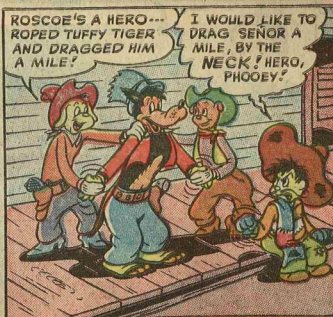
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FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



ADVENTURES OF
"POPSICLE PETE"



IN
"SHOW TIME"



HIYA PETE--
LET'S GO
DOWN TO
THE CORNER
AND HANG
AROUND."

AW THAT'S NO
FUN-- I'VE GOT
A BETTER
IDEA, GET
THE GANG
TOGETHER
AND MEET ME
AT THE SCHOOL
YARD!



LISTEN, GUYS,
OUR TEACHER,
MR. WINTERS
HAS A
SWELL
PLAN...

HELLO BOYS, HOW
WOULD YOU LIKE
TO BE ACTORS AND
PUT ON A REAL
SHOW? WE CAN
START REHEARSALS
RIGHT NOW."

BOY
THAT
SOUNDS
GREAT!



SOME
FUN!

OKAY FELLOWS,
THAT'S OUR
LAST REHEARSAL!
BE ON TIME TOMORROW.
WE HAVE TWO BIG
SHOWS TO
DO."



CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

GREAT!

NOW!
WHAT A
SHOW!

HA!
HA!

THOSE
GUYS ARE
GOOD!



GOSH PETE, DID
YOU HEAR THAT
APPLAUSE? YOUR
IDEA WAS TERRIF!
LET'S GET MR. WINTERS
FOR MORE SHOWS."

YOU
BET!
HE'S A
REGULAR
GUY."

I'VE FOUND THAT TEACHERS
CAN BE A LOT OF FUN IF YOU
GIVE THEM HALF A Popsicle Pete
CHANCE.

ENJOY
Popsicle Fudgsicle CREAMSICLE
and **SAVE BAGS** for **SWELL GIFTS**
AND MANY
ICE CREAM
ON-A-STICK
PRODUCTS



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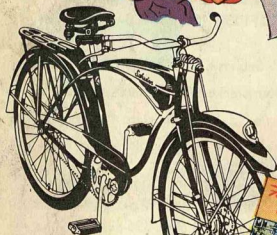
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JANIS PAIGE.....ALL THE
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